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THE WEST SAXON

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SPRING TERM, 1938



University College, Southampton



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EDITORIAL.



This term has been one of great difficulty for the *West Saxon*, for the spring, although it should be a time of gaiety, leaping, Love, and other delights, is at College the season for going down into burrows with books. Consequently "Prose and Poetry for the *West Saxon* by Saturday" has drawn from students very little but tolerant smiles or spasms of swearing and sarcastic laughter. If this is the case in the Spring Term then the Summer must have been the slough of despond for past editors, and the reverend awe with which we looked upon such a man as "Johnny" Ruffell in our first year, was apparently not altogether unmerited.

The Finals fever, which occurs yearly at this time, is deplorable. In this matter the whole atmosphere of school still hangs over many people. In spite of three or even four years at College there are those who have never escaped from the habit of looking upon examinations as *tests* which come at the end of *term*, and in which we get as many *marks* as we can in order not to make teacher angry. On the other hand, many are content to let things slide. It is to be hoped that more students could look upon Finals in the Latin sense of them having some *purpose*. At present they seem to have very little of such meaning. This is not altogether the fault of the student. Prospect of entry into the teaching profession is one of the greatest determining factors; this is one of the things that should give a degree some kind of purpose, but at present a Third is as good as, if not better than, a First for obtaining a position in a profession which is scandalously administered and teeming with ridiculous anomalies. Thus students in the Training Department are inclined to look upon Finals as nothing more than an irritating barrier to be negotiated with the well-judged minimum of correct formality which will result in a comfortable Third. Everything seems to be controlled with neglect and indifference.

Meanwhile students themselves are attempting active reform in the Colleges. A questionnaire was circulated recently asking

students to give their opinions on various aspects of the lecture-system. Most, it appears, on the basis of the student being able to think for himself, expressed the desire that syllabuses, lectures, time-tables, lecturers, tutors, professors, principals, registrars, and Mrs. Sly, all ought to be abolished, so that the student, in happy mists of general culture, could circulate freely amongst the many subjects of his own choosing with all the enthusiasm of the dilettante. Of course the average student always "thinks for himself" in the sense that he thinks in his own interests, but it may be questionable as to whether his thoughts, or the object of them, are always in the interests of the College or the community. Let some mote-casting be done first, before we peremptorily condemn the staff, governors, and others, however inadequate they may be.

There is an (we hope) interesting discussion in this issue on the question of having a College Rag. This question has been one of the main undercurrents in the minds of students ever since the Rag was abolished several years ago. We remember well the last great soot and flour battle in the town, which completely disorganised the traffic in the neighbourhood of the Junction for about an hour. As an impartial editor we will not say that we want a Rag, or uphold the article of "A Gownsman" (who would probably consider our ideas on the subject as "fourth-form") but we have found in the past that when the air is thick with greyish dust shot with specks of charred newspaper, and cleft now and again by a flying cabbage or onion; when the ground is steeped in pools of blood and strewn with hats and scarves and the bags of the de-bagged; when the crowd of people is packed closer together than at a College dance, and the only sounds are of screaming and swearing, then the throwing of a fat bag of soot is a very happy and sublime thing, verging on the beautiful. The point under discussion, of course, is, whether such a state of confusion should be allowed to develop in the first place, and not what shall happen when it does develop.

Another feature of this term's *West Saxon*, a feature entirely new, will be found near the end in the form of a Crossword Puzzle, for the solution of which a prize is offered. The prize was kindly given by a certain person of the College who wishes to remain anonymous, and we hope the puzzle will be found difficult enough to satisfy even the most blasé of the Mixed Common Room Crossword fiends.

The *West Saxon*, as last year, will not be published a third time. In the two issues of this year we have attempted to win back some

sympathy for the magazine; this has not been at all easy, and much work in this direction yet remains to be done. The two issues this year will not have had, we believe, very outstanding success or brilliance; but we hope it will be appreciated that a complete revolution in the *West Saxon* cannot take place in one single year. We therefore appeal to the College to co-operate with next year's staff, as yet unknown, with as much understanding as possible.



EPISODE.

JOHN MORRIS walked quickly through Cardiff's crowded streets towards the docks. He held his head high and walked with a careless swing, for he was young and had just been appointed fourth mate to the *Cynthia*. The damp November mist formed in little beads on his thick overcoat, and his eyes sparkled with the joy of life. Think of it—the *Cynthia*, bound for Rangoon with a mixed cargo ! During his apprenticeship he had seen something of North and South America, but this, this was the East ! Visions of ancient pagodas and mysterious temples rose before him, blotting out the grimy pavements and the barrack-like rows of houses by which he passed. He closed his eyes for a second to try to capture the scent of clove and spice and the sound of chanting, oblivious of the wharf smells and the guttural voices which belonged amongst his present surroundings. And that was not all—the *Cynthia*, no luxury liner it is true, was a tried old timer of the world-famous fleet of Jordan and Co. . . .

He was in the committee-room again in Liverpool, nervous and ill at ease, with the curious eyes of five directors upon him. Around the room the flickering firelight threw shadows across oil-paintings of the firm's founders, proud faces that seemed acutely conscious of the long tradition behind them.

Old Mr. Jordan had addressed him in a friendly way across the table, keen eyes deep set in well-cut features.

"We want you to remember, my boy, that in entering the firm of Jordan and Co., you enter into certain responsibilities—those of keeping up the good name and reputation of the firm."

The other directors moved a little restlessly; they were so accustomed to these words, and to them it all seemed rather unnecessary. But old Jordan continued.

"In choosing the sea as a profession you must have considered all it entails: long absences from home, the risk of hardship and peril. Life at sea is hard, and an officer must necessarily be harsh and unrelenting on many occasions, for it is unfortunately true that the men over whom he has authority are very often quite literally animals." He broke off, shook hands with Morris and dismissed him.

Now the new fourth mate looked uncertainly around him near the docks. Across the black outline of a giant warehouse he

saw the tips of two masts; smoke rose hazily between them. That might be the *Cynthia*, he thought, and continued along the mean street that brought him nearer the quay. A hundred paces farther he came to the end of the warehouse; a dark shadowy space stretched before him, broken by the outlines of railway trucks and packing-cases. The gleam of a lantern hung against the corner of the warehouse showed him the hull of a ship, and he groped his way over the treacherous railway lines and sleepers towards it. At the bows he made out the name *Cynthia*. But before he could reach the gangway a voice startled him.

"Harry, is that you?" it whispered eagerly.

Then he saw a woman standing near the lamp. She was dressed in black, old, and a little bent. At his approach she came forward quickly, but as the flickering beam from the lantern shone on his face she drew back with a disappointed gasp.

"Oh, I thought—I thought you was Harry."

Morris looked curiously at the woman. She was poorly dressed and her face was ugly and wrinkled.

"I wonder, sir," she said hesitantly, "if it weren't troubling you—Harry, that's my son, sir—'e's going away on that there ship, sir; 'e must be there now."

"Yes?" said Morris, feeling rather awkward.

"Would you tell 'im, sir, as I'm here and must see 'im afore 'e go."

"Must see 'im," she repeated, with a break in her voice.

"What's his name?" asked Morris.

"Harry, sir; Harry Johnson; just say as his mother's here. 'E'll come; 'e's a good boy."

Morris looked at the dark outline of the ship and went aft to find the gangway. The woman watched him tensely until he disappeared from her view into the dark well of the after deck. Morris stood and listened. Water lapped gently between the ship and the wharf, and steam hissed softly from the windlass by his side. Somewhere across the harbour a ship's siren bellowed forth, and was answered by the deep repeated grunt of a tug. He looked back a little fearfully towards the shore. A reddish glow in the sky betrayed the presence of the city, and the shrill whistle of a train seemed to utter a challenge to the deep notes of the sea-craft.

The ship lay in darkness. John Morris stumbled forward along the greasy deck and down the companion way towards the forecastle. A gleam of light came from a closed door, and the muffled confused murmur of voices. He rapped with his knuckles, but there

was no answer, so he groped for the brass ring and opened the cabin door. A cloud of tobacco smoke whirled out to disappear in the night. A voice said: "Fletcher you swine, that's the second time you . . . ."

The voice died away as its owner, a flushed middle-aged seaman with broken teeth followed the glances of his companions towards the cabin door. They were seated round a long table, too long for the small space between the bulkheads. Others sat or lay in their bunks, smoking and watching their companions. Between them on the table were small piles of greasy playing cards, glasses for whisky, some half-full, some empty. On the bulkheads were pinned photographs of chorus girls, looking so out of place in their surroundings that Morris felt an insane desire to burst into laughter.

"Come in, mate," said a rat-like little seaman nearest the whisky-bottle. "Come and drink wiv us." He poured out a tumbler of whisky and pushed it before Morris.

"Aye lad, and shut door will tha," said another.

Morris refused the drink and asked if Harry Johnson were there. The men grinned and pointed to a youth who was beating a tattoo with his heels on the wooden side of his bunk, smiling foolishly and waving an empty glass in the air.

"Hey, Johnson, 'ere's yer muvver come for yer again," shouted the rat-faced little seaman.

The drunken youth looked up, and a spasm of fury crossed his face.

"I ain't going back home," he said pugnaciously. "She's been on at me for weeks; I won't stand for it. I'm goin' ter sea. I ain't goin' 'ome ! "

With an air of bravado he accompanied the last word with a wave of his arm that sent the glass with a crash against the opposite bunk, so that the man lying in it swore in loud protest. Harry Johnson bent limply forward watching the broken glass stupidly until he overbalanced and sprawled on the deck amidst the jeers and applause of his comrades.

"That's it, sonny," encouraged Rat-Face. "Don't you 'ave it."

Another advised him to go and kiss his mother good-bye, whereat a drunken sailor in the corner wept and sang: " 'Ome Sweet 'Ome," until those nearest punched him into silence.

"Oughter be ashamed of yourself," said another. "Go with the nice man like a good boy; and don't go and git yerself lorst, 'cos you owes me one an' a kick."

Morris swung an unanswerable right hook at the sailor and dragged Johnson out on to the cool deck.

The boy looked at him and seemed to find in him a new object on which to vent his feelings.

"Clear awf ! " he shouted. "Mind yer own bloody business ! Tell the old woman to go to hell. I don't never want to see 'er again."

Exhausted by this outburst he fell back on the deck and closed his eyes.

Morris started to speak, then stopped and shook the boy fiercely with the vague idea of hauling him on to the wharf. Johnson groaned and flopped back into a drunken sleep. Morris glanced in at the indifferent seamen who had already resumed their play. The night air struck sharply against his face and he shivered; he had forgotten it was so cold. He made his way back to the woman, guided by the still faintly flickering lantern. She seemed very old and small. She looked up at him with a mixture of hope and dread in her face.

" 'E——'e aint coming ? " she whispered.

"I'm sorry, he's rather busy," said Morris lamely. "Perhaps if you came back to-morrow."

She seemed to brighten up at this.

"You think 'e'll 'ave time then sir ? " Her voice was tired and dragging, but hopeful. "It's a long way to come, and I have to be at work till one o'clock."

She gazed once more at the ship as if she would pierce through the black hull and catch a glimpse of her boy. Then she mumbled some words of thanks to the silent Morris and disappeared from the wharf. A gust of wind came across the harbour and rattled the swinging lantern against the side of the warehouse. The feeble flame flickered, struggled for life a moment, and then went out.

Morris pulled up his coat collar and lit a cigarette. As he turned to the gangway again footsteps sounded across the quay and a deep voice called:

"Quartermaster ! "

"Aye, sir," replied a sleepy voice.

"Light that lantern."

"Aye, sir."

Morris stepped up. "Beg pardon, sir, fourth mate, John Morris reporting."

"Oh, you can turn in Morris. Wait a minute. First tell the Chief Engineer to have steam at seven to-morrow. We sail on the morning tide."

D. W. K.

J. E. HOBSON AND THE BABY.

THAT'S not his real name, of course. He's a Coll. man, everybody knows him. But I've sworn an awful oath not to betray him, so it's no good creeping round to try to get behind the scenes; not a bit of good.

I don't blame James Edward at all. Neither will you, I hope, when you know the facts. He did what any decent fellow would have done who had the interests of Wessex at heart: (don't be cynical and say there aren't any interests and there isn't any Wessex: there could be if the student body. . . .)

But to stand outside one of Southampton's leading Drapers in Above Bar, holding a weeping, wailing Baby wrapped in a long white shawl sort of thing is a nerve-racking experience, one that calls for that stamina and staunch courage that has carried the British flag . . . (all right, all right, Ed.)

It happened that James Edward was standing at about noon on the 16th. ult. (having cut an uninteresting lec. on the Theory of Education) outside the above-mentioned Drapers waiting for his latest ("town") when a tall woman wearing a veil approached and thrust the Baby upon him, saying:

"Do you mind, please; just for a moment, so good of you." Then she disappeared.

J. E. did mind, very much. He looked at the thing in horror and alarm. It seemed quite an ordinary Baby, snub nose and not much hair. In fact one might say it was practically bald. The first thing that occurred to him was that it must be kept contented at all costs. So he jigged it up and down and sideways. Unfortunately the poor thing had been sleeping and at this rough treatment—for by the strenuous movements James Edward made, he might have been going to sling it out to the wing three-quarter—it awoke abruptly and began to scream.

This was terrible. James Edward glanced hastily around. If anyone from Coll. saw him now the tale, with elaborations, would go round in less time than it takes to drink a pint, spoil his academic career, and even perhaps cost him his colours. But worse was to come. From the direction of Bargate came the sound of hysterical sobbing. Two women approached, followed by the curious glances of passers-by; one of them made the noise, while her friend tried to comfort her.

"My darling ! My Baby ! Stolen ! "

James Edward stood as if fascinated, rooted to the ground. As the afflicted woman saw him she gave a terrific whoop, something like the Indian Love Call from Rose Marie, only shorter, sharper, and more to the point, and collapsed into her friend's arms, pointing an accusing finger at poor James Edward.

All faces turned menacingly towards him. A policeman crossed the road, and a Very High Personage from College was seen to be approaching some distance away. J. E. lost his nerve. Seeing a gap in the crowd he bolted, still holding the Baby, which had redoubled its cries at the sight of its parent. With a "Tally-ho ! there she goes ! " the pack leapt forward at his heels, and the High Street was filled with a howling, raging mob.

But not for nothing had James Edward been consistently picked for Inter-Coll. matches, had he renounced smoking, drinking, the flicks, and other noxious amusements. He easily outpaced his pursuers and hid himself in a telephone-box near the junction. The Baby stopped crying, and the sound of many rushing feet and hoarse oaths which slowly died down, told him when the pursuit had passed and it was safe to reappear, and having recovered his sang-froid, he made his way by back streets to the original scene of the disaster. Here he showed exceptional bravery, meriting perhaps even the Order of Old Hartleyans. Glancing cautiously into Above Bar from a side street and making a careful survey of the ground he decided to place the Baby down outside the Drapers. So feeling his way stealthily, and when no one was looking, he propped it up in an arcade against a window full of silk things, went across the road into Lyons, ordered coffee and buns, and sat near the window to watch the denouement.

The sound of returning voices, shrieks and catcalls told him that the infant had been found. He looked out of the window: the fond mother was cuddling her offspring, surrounded by sympathetic females and a confused mass of cyclists, tradesmen, motorists, and idlers. There was soon a traffic jam. Everyone wanted to see the corpse; those on the outside of the crowd gave newcomers vivid accounts as to how the smash had occurred, only those round the mother were rather disappointed that there was nothing to be seen but a joyful, if rather sticky, reunion.

The policeman was taking notes:

" 'Old on; 'old on; one at a time now, if you please."

"He was a fair young fellow with a brown suit on."

"Yes, ginger 'e was, with a big moustache."

"Plus fours and a dark mac."

"Just so, and he wore dark glasses; a most villainous-looking ruffian."

There was a lot of this kind of thing for about a quarter of an hour, but the mob finally dwindled and with a sigh of relief James Edward paid his bill and made his way Coll-ward, because he was anxious to reach Refec in time for lunch, for it was the Day of No Cottage Pie.

J. E. mentioned to me afterwards that this affair had only one rather unfortunate sequel, that was, that the day after it happened he received a rather discouraging note from the girl he was to have met. He wonders if she could have been in that crowd. But things like that do not usually worry him much.

VERITAS



THE LIFE-BLOOD OF A MASTER SPIRIT.

IT has long been my intention to write a book, and now, on the brink, as it were, of my career, it seems to me that perhaps I ought to do something really tangible about it. Up to now my Book—for the expression of one's soul deserves at least a capital—has been a nebulous idea, a half-formulated plan for future greatness. It is time and more to set down on paper my Thought, and to give to the world the matured fruit of my mental experience.

As to the form, I am yet undecided. I am naturally inclined towards the Novel as a Medium. Yet great novelists throng to-day in uncomfortable profusion, and—or else the *Observer* lies—the Work of the Year appears at intervals approximating to three weeks.

It is foreign to my nature to flock with others of my kind, bleating in accents similar to theirs; I must tread my own path, alone; I will tolerate followers, but there must be none who have gone before. It is not that I would indulge secretly, or even publicly, in a Pharisaical contentment, or that I am a Lone Wolf, shunning my kind, living apart from the haunts of man. I just want to be different. In writing this, I feel that I am morally bound to be misunderstood; such has ever been my lot in life, and I see no reason why my numerous detractors should miss so obvious an opportunity; yet I repeat it—I want to be different.

It has been said that there is no such thing as originality, and yet I persist in my desire. Sameness is Death, and my soaring spirit is still beyond His clutch. Moreover, there is another serious objection to the novel: I should have to mould my characters to a purpose, lead them by devious ways and by-ways to a chosen goal, and even though it would be their incidental sayings rather than their ultimate destination which would reveal the mind behind them, yet there would still remain the risk of being dubbed a writer of didactic novels. Horrible words these, conjuring up visions of Men with Axes to Grind, of Ideals, and of Utopian States. Besides, a character in a didactic novel is a poor thing; the best that we can say of him is that he is unfortunate, treading paths that he probably has no desire to tread, doing actions quite foreign to his nature, saying things quite contrary to his intention.

We cannot create a great character in such a way; he must take command of his little world, and lead, rather than be led. Don Quixote is and must be Cervantes' master (that's rather good, don't you think?).

My Book will have to be both with and without form, complete in itself and yet conforming to no given shape, a thoughtful meandering from conjecture to conjecture, and from fancy to fancy, mixing truth with fantasy and bawdy jokes with pure poetry, reviling and praising man in a single line, and ever scornful of aid.

In the introduction—for there will be an introduction, witty and suitably disguised so as to trick people into reading it—I shall make it clear that I have written my Book to please myself alone. I do not believe in kow-towing to readers by hoping they "may find some slight pleasure in these pages." Furthermore I shall not refer to it as "this little book" for I detest the smug modesty of the phrase: and in any case, it will not be a little book; it will be a great, noisy, blustering devil of a book, a kind of bookstall Tamburlaine, roystering its way from obscurity to notoriety, brushing aside Best-Sellers like so much wordy chaff, trampling wordy treatise underfoot, insulting even the most venerable of Anthologies. And when it has known and endured fame, it will go on to immortality reviling the gods in its mighty, defiant voice, earning and scorning their vengeance in the self-same breath. . . .

Remains yet to write this book. . . .



SAYINGS OF THE WEEK.

"Now next week I must start work properly."—(Finals Student.)

HOARY.

"The refec. joke is getting stale," protests a correspondent. Even the refec. *joke.*

FOR AND AGAINST A COLLEGE RAG.

FOR.

WHAT is it that is first associated in the mind of the inexperienced fresher with the Idea of a University? Surely nothing less than the Annual Rag. Without an Annual Rag, the University immediately descends in student and public estimation to at least the level of a University College. The University Rag is a phenomenon which has gained respect and support by its long connection with Tradition; the inauguration of the Rag goes back to at least the time of the foundation of our noble provincial Universities, among which Southampton is proud to associate herself as one deeply concerned with the preservation of Tradition. In the first case, therefore, Tradition seems to demand that an Annual Rag be an integral feature of the activities and life of a nascent University of Wessex.

The life of the modern University student is such that a considerable amount of relaxation is necessary if he is to keep himself in perfect condition to satisfy the rigorous demands of the University of London Examiners made at certain periods of his career. It is a well-attested psychological fact that *mens sana in corpore sano* is a much to be desired objective; although it is not to be denied that the degree of intellectual ability required for the execution of a Rag is negligible, a considerable amount of original thought, planning and foresight is essential if the Rag is to be a success. The physical relaxation, is, of course, obvious. A more complete change from the normal sequestered life of the academic cloister cannot be easily imagined. The objection—rightly so—made by the Town, is that this physical relaxation stops at nothing short of hooliganism, and is an infringement upon the liberty of the tax and rate-payer. With this we agree and cannot defend this species of ragging in any way. A maximum of fun, both for the student and the spectator, can be obtained from ragging which offends no one; a carnival show, fancy dress, rag dance, tableaux, satiric sketches, sale of Rag magazines, suggest themselves as much superior and more pleasant alternatives to the usual fourth-form ideas of Rags.

It seems superflous to add the excuse of collecting for Hospitals as a defence of ragging; this may be merely the excuse, but at least it is an excuse worth giving. £200-300 does not seem to be an impossible sum to extort from the worthy and generous inhabitants of Southampton: what hospital can afford to reject £200 at the present

time? Glasgow University collects £2,000, Liverpool £4,000, and, nearer home, a fortnight ago, Exeter collected £256 for her hospitals. A *good* Rag, therefore, will offend no one, will provide an opportunity for originality and making the College known to the Town, give pleasure and amusement to participator and observer—and contribute in a very practical manner to the finances of our local hospitals.

A Gownsman.

AGAINST

IT is surprising that the Mass Observationists have not turned their attention to the University Rag. Here is a rich field of study for the anthropologist. Here is behaviour, as Mr. Aldous Huxley remarks concerning the doings of the Bright Young and the Dim Old, at least as strange as that of the M'pongos and, as far as we are concerned, painfully and dangerously more significant.

Is there something in the "quaint peter-pannishness" of the Rag that makes an irresistible appeal to the undergraduate? The painting of public statues, the removal of traffic-signs from their accustomed places, the perching on pinnacles of chamber pots, the street battles with soot and tomatoes—all these things are symptomatic of disorders which should have been played out in the nursery. Not that the pathological nature of the Rag would matter very much, so far as the general public is concerned, if it were amusing; alas, it is not.

The Englishman is a humorous creature, but the spirit of Carnival is alien to him. When he leaves his home, his club, or his pub, to make merry in the street, he becomes self-conscious and noisy. He finds it difficult to maintain the solemnity of an open-air political demonstration, but impossible to keep up the gaiety of a Rag. Soon banter becomes rudeness, the appeal for charity a species of blackmail, the high spirits hooliganism. As one listens to the forced laughter, the screams of unreal merriment, the too-rousing College yell, one feels that this sort of thing might go down very well in the Fifth Form at St. Dominic's, but is otherwise more than a little boring.

If Rags were splendid with colour and stinging with satire, if, in fact, they were genuine expressions of the wit and animal spirits of our youthful intelligentsia (about which we hear so much) they would be welcomed by the English public as enthusiastically as the

Rhinelanders welcome the wine festivals. We know, of course, that they lack these qualities, just as our hospital carnivals, our parochial fetes and our national rejoicings lack the spirit and spontaniety of Continental revelry.

This is the sad truth, and the sooner it is accepted by English undergraduates the better. But if the organised Rag passes into a deserved oblivion, the worst features of the Rag will remain to make English life more disagreeable than it need be. These features include confusing mere noise with gaiety, mistaking facetiousness for wit, and an appalling tendency on the part of adults to behave as though they were infants.

Child-like behaviour may be admirable, for children are sometimes wiser, more sensitive to beauty, more intelligent and more humorous than adults. But infantile exhibitionism by those who have had every encouragement to develop beyond the crawling stage must always strike the detached observer as sub-human.

Perhaps this is an unduly pessimistic view, but we are convinced that University College has, at least, taken a step in the right direction by dropping the Rag from the Summer-term activities. Thus Wessex, it would seem, is on the road to salvation, although its soul will not be out of danger until the students ban such facetious diminutives as "Prinny" from their vocabulary. These are signs and warnings that the Rag virus is not dead, but sleepeth.

A Townsman.



A GRAPHIC ENCOUNTER.

(Below is a report of the soccer match against Bristol written in journalese. It is the custom of the Football correspondents of the various newspapers to make use of a certain number of stock expressions every week in their reports. It seems that no effort is required to write these once the knack has been discovered, and soccer correspondents after a few months practice can probably write their reports without having to go near a match. One could probably make a list also of similar usages for reporting cricket, athletics, tennis, etc. We have marked those which we think exceptionally fine passages by one, two, or three asterisks, according to value.)

COL. LOSE BY ORPHAN GOAL.

SMIPH'S FATAL MISTAKE.

Freak point decides issue.

By "Irritator."

PLAYING to-day on their own midden for the first time for three weeks the Col. were forced to concede the spoils to Crystal University in a hard encounter. The only point was notched by Slugsy, the visiting inside-right, whose shot found Smiph unsighted.

It was estimated that there were at least thirteen or fourteen spectators present when Hepheigh, the Col's popular skipper, and Crock, the clever captain and custodian of Crystal University, who has on occasion seen service with Swindleton United, tossed for choice of ends. The visitors were at the initial disadvantage of having to kick towards Highfield. The ball was christened by Blueland, who gave to Randy; Randy passed out to Bedd, who fed his inside-right. The home team made headway on the left when the ball was put out to Hepheigh, but a promising attack proved abortive. The College came again, this time on the right, but Pill's effort was foiled and the ball rolled weakly over the line for a goal-kick. *Repeated attacks on the visiting goal were pegged back by a rock-like defence which stood firm under the terrific onslaught of the nippy home forwards. Crystal then organised an attack down the centre but Bedd cleared with a lofty kick. Hepheigh ran in from the left and killed the ball; he gave to Jolnes, but after dribbling well the outside man shot wide when well placed. From the goal-kick the visitors pressed, but a shot from Mugwump, the visitors' forcing

pivot, went to the safe hands of Smiph, who lofted the ball down the middle to Blueland. The centre-forward rammed in a grand shot which caused the Crystal custodian to measure his length.

**It was a ding-dong battle of give and take, in which no quarter was asked or received by either side. The crowd was on tip-toe with excitement and from time to time shouted Wessex in a loud voice. Honours were even at the end of the first half-hour but the visitors were now having rather more of the play and were unfortunate not to have opened their account when Horseface had the misfortune to see a grand shot deflected wide by a home defender. It was noticed that Hepheigh was not playing with his usual elan, but perhaps that was the fault of the halves, who were inclined to starve him.

Stemming a dangerous attack on the left, Bedd cleared with a lofty kick. The visitors came again and with but a few minutes to go to lemon time Slugsy snapped up a lightning pass from Mugwump, and taking the ball in his stride, crashed it into the rigging from sixty yards range. It looked as if Smiph might have saved, but apparently he was unsighted and misjudged the flight of the ball. This setback put the Col. on their mettle and the forwards repeatedly carried the ball into the enemy's terrain, but could not force it home. The visitors' defence was having a gruelling time at this stage but stood up to their work well. The Col. were attacking when the whistle sounded at the interval.

Half-time:

U.C. Southampton	...	0
Crystal University		1

On the resumption the ball went to Jolnes, the Col's diminutive outside-right, who weaved his way in towards goal and sent in a low drive which was well covered by the visiting custodian, who booted clear without difficulty. Mugwump fastened on to the ball and pushed out a short pass to his outside-right; the centre was blocked by Stamp, the home team's burly full back, who rammed in a shot from eighty yards. Mugwump received the ball again and tried a first time shot, which was smothered. Bedd cleared with a lofty kick.

***At this stage of the game Mugwump, the visiting pivot, was playing a fine constructive game for his side. Dominating the centre of the arena, and directing attack after attack, he seemed to be in all places at once, and the home inside men were given very

little rope with which to work. The Col. however, went all out for the equaliser, and one grand effort by Hepheigh was charged down on the line. Jolnes once broke away and carried the ball very nicely along the wing, but his centre was breasted down and the ball was punted up the middle. This was the prelude to several attacks from the visitors, but finally Bedd cleared with a lofty kick. Pill dribbled well on the right and it looked like a goal, but the danger was averted when Crock dived and miraculously got his fingers to the ball, turning it wide. Both sides played fast, clever football. Jolnes received from Scowling, but his shot went the wrong side of the post.

*The game was being fought out with sustained vigour, and the closing stages were crammed with incident; amongst much excitement Slugsy rammed in a shot which was smothered, Stamp almost scored with a grand effort from ninety yards, and Bedd cleared with a lofty kick. Once Hepheigh swept up a low ball from Scowling; he pulled his centre back across the goalmouth to Blueland, who shot into the goalkeeper's arms. The exchanges were lively until the end. Bedd cleared with a lofty kick and Stamp rammed in a great shot from a hundred and ten yards' range in the dying moments of the game. The home side were attacking when the final whistle blew.

Result:

U.C. Southampton	...	0
Crystal University	...	1



EXTRACT FROM THE WEST SAXON—A.D. 2065.

WE were arguing, we usually were, especially in the Common Room after a good dinner; you know the way everyone drifts around the fire and you all speak at once, and nobody knows quite how it all begins. This time Ginger Burns had remarked that the Hand of Time left unmistakable scars, and Mugsy Saunders said No, you couldn't tell how old anything was from the outside, the external shell depended on the power of the internal spirit to hold it together, like the Picture of Dorian Gray, and so on. We didn't seem to be making much headway in the argument, and probably we'd have dropped it altogether, when Weary Tryergaine, our oldest inhabitant, and usually very quiet, began to take up the thread. Weary (that's not his real name, but you can't call a chap Pendennis and keep a straight face) has pipped Finals seven times, and lots of other exams, like subsid and inter; he says its entering his soul, or it may be thirteen years of almost continual cottage pie, he's not sure. He spoke, in his low, hollow, rather sad voice:

"You are quite right Mugsy," he said gravely; "take Hadrian's Wall, you couldn't say from looking at it if it was one thousand or two thousand years old. But on the other hand take the old Civic Centre: I know for a fact that it was built only 134 years ago, in the nineteen thirties, when all that horrible Twentieth Century so-called architecture was being perpetrated, yet already they are charging a tanner a time to see the ruins. It just shows that when it comes to this age business you can never tell. As a matter of fact, we had a most amazing proof of that sort of thing back in my third year."

Bill Miller did some rapid calculating. "That was the year I won a scholarship to Bendover High School," he announced triumphantly, and with a hint of pathos in his voice. "I remember. . . ."

At a studied look of intense pain from Weary, he stopped short in his remembrance and coughed hesitantly. Weary continued his story.

"Ahem . . . in my third year, as I was saying," he said, and looked around as if to meet a challenge. "I was rather thick with the Vice-President at the time, jolly nice girl, too, I'd have been a better man

now if some thug hadn't lured her away just before Inter. . . ." He gritted his teeth and looked into the middle distance. "Anyway, about that time we were entertaining an old chap, amazing fellow, who was going to speak to the Union on something or other that lunch time. Someone had found him in the British Museum or somewhere: he was The Absent-Minded Professor straight out of *Punch*. Well, we took him around the place, showed him the sights, and so on, and he just didn't rise at all. Kept on staring hard and looking bewildered, like a lost kid, kept on muttering to himself and wagging his head. Then suddenly he turned and said: "I have Been Here Before; I am sure of it; some former being of mine was here long, long ago." And it must have been a very long time ago, too, because his present being was about ninety-three, as far as we could estimate. He seemed awfully worried, as well, about the fleeting years, and muttered about someone called the Subtle Thief, probably an echo of some kidnapping racket he'd been mixed up in. We were getting fairly unnerved over it all, one way and another, and I caught a look in someone's eye that meant Coffee, Quick! so we trickled off to refec., taking this whimpering old idiot with us, of course, though naturally refec. isn't one of the show places. Well, when we were nearly there, suddenly, he just *flew* ahead and quite literally fell down and kissed the doorstep ! We thought he'd properly slipped the noose, and I must say we weren't surprised. When we got to him he was shouting like a madman. "Of course ! Of COURSE ! I knew it all along ! I was up here way back in 1980, but damme, this is the only place I can still recognise. Good old refec, not fallen down yet. Bravo Wessex ! Has anybody here seen Kelly ? " And he began to dance a Gobli like any callow Fresher. Well, I mean, it just shows you doesn't it ? "

Weary paused a moment to watch the effect, then sighing, he went sadly away to his room. These memories of the days that were always upset him.

POLOL.

MINUTES.

AT an ordinary meeting of the Students' Cabal on Tuesday in Room 40, the President being in the Chair, it was agreed that the question be openly discussed of the nuisance and irritation to people using the Sports Pavilion at the Montefiore Sports Ground caused by hibernating flies dropping down the necks of people who opened the windows in the winter and put out their heads in order to obtain, as the Assistant Secretary bluntly and colloquially put it, a breath of fresh air. It was explained, for the benefit of those who were but incompletely acquainted with the matter, that it was the habit of numerous flies to hibernate during the winter months in the spaces between the windows and window-frames, thus causing annoyance to students in the manner before explained. Mr. Graymare, the Assistant Secretary, having finished his explanation to the satisfaction of all present, proceeded to put the motion, which was, that the matter be considered in an open discussion by the Students' Cabal. All in favour signified their approval in the usual manner (i.e. stirred slightly in their chairs, smiled, and moved from one elbow to another), all against, again as usual, said nothing. Opening the discussion, Mr. Jagged, the Secretary, said that he thought the matter ought to be referred to the Ground Secretary. The Ground Secretary replied and said he did not think,—but was interrupted by the Secretary, who said After all it was part of the Ground Secretary's business to look after the pavilion. The Ground Secretary replied and said he did not think,—but was again rather rudely interrupted by the Secretary who said I mean, you can't expect the Students' Cabal to look after everything. The Ground Secretary repeated again that he did not think, adding that the Sports Pavilions were outside his province. A heated discussion followed on this point, and finally Mr. Fierce said he wished they would keep to the point and made the somewhat unusally constructive suggestion that all the windows in the Sports Pavilion at the Montefiore Sports Ground be opened and the offending insects taken therefrom. Miss MacLockjaw shuddered audibly. Mr. Roar, the Ground Secretary, again spoke and said that when he was at the Athletic Union Committee meeting it was difficult to ascertain whether there was a quorum present or not, because many members were on school practice and it would be impossible for them to vote, but even so they should be counted, for after all they were members of the committee and could leave their vote by proxy, and as they did not

do this, however, he was forced to the conclusion that a quorum had not been present on that occasion, and therefore the colours question was not decided. Mr. Frown, the Chairman, said Yes, well, but what had all that got to do with it, that was rather beside the point, and thought that they were discussing the windows in the Sports Pavilion. Mr. Roar said No Mr. Chairman, I don't think so. Mr. Borrows agreed with Mr. Roar and said that although the others might be discussing the Sports Pavilion, he and Mr. Roar insisted on discussing colours. The discussions proceeded. Words could be heard distinctly now and again such as "A.U. Committee," "School Prac." "Union Ball," "Charlie," "No," and "Mrs. Sly." Mr. Fierce finally said quite audibly that he thought they ought to keep to the point, and again put forward the suggestion that the windows in the Sports Pavilion at the Montefiore Sports Ground be opened and the flies taken out. This was finally agreed to, but a new question ipso facto arose as to who should remove the sleeping flies. Various people present were suggested, but tended to decline the privilege. Mr. Strife said he had Finals; Miss Winklestein said she thought it was cruel; Mr. Railer said he had bought a piece of land, and would fain go see it; Mr. Borrows said he had but newly married a wife, and must go straightway to prove her. Mr. Beltane muttered something under his breath. Mr. Snortin-Sniff shuffled his feet and looked at his watch and said that That reminded him, he had to be Down the Town. Mr. Fierce expressed again the opinion that it would be better if the members were to keep to the point. It was finally agreed that the Secretary remove the flies, and that the President should assist ex officio. All in favour stirred slightly and the President said Well is there any other——; he was interrupted, however, by the Secretary, who after consulting a book, said that unfortunately he and the President had no open dates until June 22nd, so it would be impossible for them to undertake the task that had just been set them. Upon this the discussion was re-opened and various suggestions were made, Mr. Strife being of the opinion that the matter be referred to the Principal. Mr. Borrows asked what good that would do, and said he thought that the Students' Cabal was fully competent to deal with the matter. Mr. Strife replied that he only thought that the Principal might cause a suitable notice of warning to be put up. Mr. Borrows said What to warn the flies or the students? There was some laughter and queries of What did He say.

Mr. Frown, the President and Chairman, called for order. There was a short interval while Mr. Borrows lighted up his great pipe *Dangereuse*. Mr. Railer then immediately proposed that a sub-

committee be set up to discuss the question, and several members were heard to express approval by contented affirmations and sighs of relief. Mr. Snortin-Sniff shuffled his feet and looked at his watch. Mr. Beltane, who was apparently asleep, mumbled an incantation. The Chairman said Well then is there any other——, but Mr. Graymare interrupted and said Just a minute, about the matter of the flies in the Pavilion, they could not have a sub-committee for that as there were 219 sub-committees of the Students' Cabal sitting already, and the combinations of members would not allow of any more. Miss Winklestein said that there was no need to discuss crudities. Mr. Graymare protested and made himself clear. Mr. Beltane muttered something under his breath. Mr. Snortin-Sniff looked at his watch, and said he had to be Down the Town. Mr. Roar said he thought they ought to discuss the colours question. Mr. Railer said he would like to open the question of a College rag. Another deadlock seemed to have been reached, when Mr. Borrows said Surely this should be a matter for discussion by the Athletic Union Committee rather than the Students' Cabal. This suggestion met with universal approval and Mr. Borrows formally proposed the motion. The Chairman said Is that seconded all those in favour all against carried well then is there any other business?

There was a great deal of other business and the meeting was finally declared closed at 1.43 a.m. exactly.

CANDIDLY SPEAKING.

IT was thought by many that the conventional notices of good wishes to Union officials printed last term, featuring the President, the Vice-President, and the Secretary, were rather too flattering to have any real value, and therefore this term we asked a person well-known in College for his forthright opinions to amend these portraits and to include in them some element of truth. This is the result.

President (A. R. BROWN)

Owing to the unfortunate departure of the candidate elected by the intelligentsia we have had to put up with A. R. Brown, better known as the "Cursing President." No one could have been more adequately suited for the office. A native of Shark Island he was expelled from school for petty larceny and proceeded to College on the pretext of reading for an Economics degree.

Three years spent in pursuit of women and an ever ready supply of doubtful stories ensured him of a high position in the Union. He has taken a keen interest in the Stage Society in whose productions he has always given himself the best part. He holds the Inter-Universities record for beer consumption (20 pints in one sitting).

Since his election he has been almost a nonentity and we have quite often heard the question: "Who is the President of the Students' Union."

In rare moments of sobriety he has distinguished himself by losing boat races and splitting infinitives at Union meetings.

"A likeable man." (Mrs. Sly).

The Secretary (H. JAGGER).

The outstanding characteristic of Henry Jagger is that he is just dumb—which is an essential in a good Secretary. Before his election he was regarded as a public man, indispensable in numerous capacities, but this Session he has been conspicuous by his absence from College—a fact which has no doubt contributed largely to the success of Union business.

He has many amiable qualities only marred by his Yorkshire obtuseness and complete inanity. His deeply analytical nature was well illustrated at an S.C. meeting when he once inquired "What is the Union"—a question which indubitably classes him amongst the most brilliant Secretaries of recent years.

Not quite dead—though you might think so.

The Vice-President (just another woman).

"Those scarlet lips that ask me for a song,
Those little hands that eloquently pray,
Who could resist their soft appeal for long?
Well I, for one, could do it any day.

BALLADE OF THE TRAINING DEPARTMENT.



N the beautiful flush of young hope,
With a virtuous sense of vocation,
Knowing nothing with which one can't cope
'Mid the pride of new-won graduation,
Attracted as by gravitation
Is the ardent and ambitious brain
To the Faculty of Education——
Come, who for a teacher would train?

So they fall for the B. of E's dope;
They are lured by the fond expectation
That if steadily onwards they grope,
They'll secure a well-paid situation.
But when they have learned desperation,
And found out that must always remain
Hypothetical remuneration,
Then who for a teacher would train?

Do you wonder they sit down and mope,
Or simulate false animation,
Or harbour dark thoughts of the rope,
And break out in cold perspiration?
They are doomed to long years of stagnation,
To a lifetime of squalor and pain;
Though a few may achieve liberation,
Yet who for a teacher would train?

ENVOI

-lb-rt -rth-r! our one inspiration,
Our strength when we're feeling the strain!
In this struggle for certification,
Come, who for a teacher would train?

J. A. M. O.

A letter to the Editor of the *West Saxon.*

SIR,

While pursuing my researches in the library of University College, I chanced upon the enclosed M.S., which I now forward to you in the hope that some of your readers may be able to throw light upon its many obscurities. In asking you to bring this poem to the notice of the public, I am in no way blinded to the imperfections of its style, or to the poverty of its inspiration. The author would seem to have allowed his enthusiasm to contaminate even what feeble skill in letters we may of charity presume to have been his. The tone of the composition is so strange, the mixture of the archaic and the vulgar so provoking that I would have been reluctant to withdraw the M.S. from a well-deserved obscurity, had I not considered it to contain a warning to all students of letters at present completing their education at Southampton. After a hasty perusal of its contents, they will at least know how *not* to compose. It is, therefore, with the greatest diffidence that I crave for valuable space in your journal, and enclose my card, but prefer to sign myself—CURIOUS.

THE SCHOLAR'S DAY.

The Argument.

The Muse is invok'd; the Scholars are wak'd by a Bell; after Ablutions they fortify themselves with Ham; sundry morning duties; the business of the Lecture-Room and the Laboratory; the race for Coffee is compar'd by a simile with the Sea; Luncheon not suited to heroick verse; the mighty power of Sport; the ungrateful task of Captains and Secretaries notwithstanding; the delights of tea; Conversation ensueth on divers Topics; Examination now clamoureth for his due observancies; Work at length finish'd, the Scholars partake of another Meal; the Poet admonisheth them; how cometh it that their evening Activities are prolonged; a principatian Decree went forth; the Scholars are now idle until Somnus claimeth them; the Poet alloweth his Muse to depart.

Come, heavenlie Muse; attempt in decorous Song
To hymn the *Students'* multitudinous Throng.
Collegium and its *Refectory*,
All *Tutors* and the dread Directory
Of *Halls, Professors, Wardens, Principal*,—
Powers inviolate, invincible—
Chuse for thy Scrutiny; nor end thy Lay
Until thou hast described the Scholar's Day.

Scarce hath bright *Phoebus* with incipient Light
From *Wessex'* Confines chas'd the drowsie Night,
When horrid Din of most unwelcome Bells
Rudely invades the slumb'ring Scholars' Cells.
A Stir begins; a furtive Door doth ope;
Awak'd they issue with Brush, Sponge and Soap,
Reluctantly in dreamie Evolutions
To simulate perfunctory Ablutions.
Time tarries not; for each it is a Race
To reach the hall before th' accustomed Grace,
To coax on foot a too refract'ry Sock
Before the punctual Crowing of the Cock.
At length the hall is full; with downcast Eyes
Meek *Custos* calls forth Blessings from the Skies.
The hungry Students view the florid Ham,
Sit, and prepare in hastiness to cram
The welcome Fodder, for full well they know
Ere One o'clock, there's many an Hour to go,
Full many an Hour, when not Insides but Mind
From mental travail Nourishment must find.

Speed on, my Muse; 'tis time to be away.
Only the *Tutor* now in Hall may stay,
But stays not. For as up the Hill they drift,
The tardie ones he succours with a Lift.
The *Sun's* Car also mounting in the Sky
Drags on the busie Morn and can espy
Its diverse Labours amplified; the *College*
Exacts from all a Sacrifice to Knowledge.

Some seek the *Lecturer*, whilst other Men
Commingle Potions in the *Chymists* Den,
And little reck they that a loathsome Smell
Anticipates the pois'nous Fumes of Hell.
The wise Professor with a brave Discourse
Dumfounds the Scholar, and himself grows hoarse.
But lo ! *Eleven* strikes; a change is seen,
And happy *Laughter* bursts upon the scene.
As when the Sea, hovering 'twixt the Tides,
Breaks suddenly amid the Rocks and rides
In ecstasy along the welcome Beach,

So doth this rushing Tide *Refect'ry* reach.
What means this Respite? Why this rest from Toil?
'Tis *Coffee*, mellowed in an age-long Boil
Refreshment offering. Hail, blessèd Bean,
That smooth'st the fev'rish Brow with Juice serene!
At length the Rest is o'er; with Mind less * *
The *Lector* and his Wards resume their Studie.
Forbear, my Muse, to hymn collegiate *Luncheon*,
Most worthie Meal, thou swift but greedie Junction
Of Morn and Evening, too high for Prose
Too low for solemn Verse. But who are those
In rude apparel that my sight dismay?
Now sweet Disorder tells the time of Day.

Ah! *Sport*, Britannic Deity, thy Pow'r
Is great! Let modest Learning have its Hour,
And Health robustious and the common Spirit
Of River and of Field it disinherit.
So now the Crews on *Itchen's* Flood grow wise
As Intellect gives way to Exercise;
And who pursues the nimble Football's strife
Learns his own Lessons in the Art of Life.
Harsh *Winter's* Games, whose sweatie Joys consist
In Broils tumultuous none can resist——
Save few; hence *Secretary's* fierce Despair
When *Jones* is sick, and *Jonson* is not there,
And *Jenkins* works, and *Robinson* is late;
Thus the *Eleven's* Sovran curses Fate
And envies the grim Tyrant of the *Eight*.

Anon the round Tea-Pot with gushing Spout
Pours forth its welcome Flood; another Bout
Begins of Day's Activities. Alone
Delightful Tea is potent to atone
For Thirst's onslaught's. Ensues now idle Chatter
On things that do and things that do not matter.
The Scholars their Associates among
Rest their tir'd Limbs but exercise the Tongue;
Some momently their mimic Wars exchange

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* * The page of the M.S. is torn here. Hence the lacuna.

For foolish Gossip and the Curious range
Of academic News. Well do we fear
Rashly such childish Tattle to o'erhear.

Worthier far are they whom Conversation
Upblows to Realms of aery Speculation
In Metaphysic's Wake, and who delight
In Regions infinite.

But hark ! Once more doth th' awful Bell intrude
Calling the Scholar's Mind to Bus'ness rude.
E'en as the Traveller in some sylvan Glade,
In rustic Joys exulting, undismay'd
Pursues his gladsome path, but swift recoils
On viewing 'neath the trees the horrid Coils
Of a foul Serpent strewn across his Way:
He fain would pass, but first the Worm must slay,
So now the Coils of foul Examination
Obtrude their presence, vile Contamination
Of Scholar's Joys, that cast across his track
Their Snares most filthie; nor can he turn back
But on must press to Victory or Shame,
To battle with the Foe for Honour's name
And general Renown. And so to Bookes,
Those weapons grim, to Silence must the Nookes
Of Students now be dedicate, until
They summon'd be to yet another Meal.

With busie haste the Banquet now proceeds,
And bustling *Matron* seeeth to the Needs
Of *Custos* and his chosen Table high;
But Bickering disturbs the smaller Fry
And Discontent; nor should they, if the Food
By some disdained be, forget the Good.
For many a Meal were worse, but never yet
Was found a better Place to grumble at.
When *Stators* pass the Sinuous Steak along
For Scholars to consume, t'were wholly wrong
To murmur "Possum sed non placet," as
The Rule is "Intus fervet Caritas."

Next sing, my Muse, the changèd Times, and tell
Of what in endless Conclave once befell,
And how there issued thence a high Decree
Proclaimèd thus by *Princeps'* Majesty.
"Ye Sons of Wessex, mark my Words. Attention !
Things new are come, Things old are in suspension.
No longer shall your Hostel be a Pen
Where congregates the Flock at stroke of Ten.
Now wishing your Complaints with Joy to leaven,
We give you Leave to be in by Eleven."
He said; and *Hartley's* Brood dumbfounded heard
With grateful Ear the principalian Word.
So now the filmie Cinematograph
Opes wide its welcome Doors for some to laugh
And some to weep; now Mirth and Jollity
Do mock erstwhile begownéd Gravity.
Some are there who in shameful Disarray
Disgrace the placid academic Day
With Dances rude and barbarous; some who
Much Pleasure find—o would it were not true !——
In utt'ring their political Displeasure.
Ah well ! To each man his own use of Leisure.

Meanwhile the Night draws on, and soon the Clock
Summons the *Porter* fierce to turn the Lock.
And woe to him who makes his Entrie late:
He must perforce his Follies compensate.
Now Silence is the Law; to disobey
Means Tutor's Wrath, and two Shillinges to pay.
But soon all Din is over, all is still;
And *Somnus* on tir'd eyelids sets his Seal.
The Scholar to his Dreams his Cares consign.
Farewell, my Muse, thy absence-Form I'll sign.

A DECADE OF COLLEGE OPERA.

WITH the production of "The Sorcerer," the Choral and Orchestral Society complete something like fifteen years of successive productions. In a place like U.C.S. where traditions are few, one can hardly pass another "milestone" without at least a glance backwards over this series of shows, from the brave adventures of early days up to last year's "Pinafore."

Under the skilful conducting of Mr. Cecil Williams, who gives continuity to the last ten years of the series, University College opera has a proud record. Mr. Cecil Williams has remained while singers, producers, stage-managers and instrumentalists, have come and gone, taking their acquired experience to fresh fields.

Going back ten years we remember well the production of "Iolanthe," for there was much in it that was memorable. Who can forget Mr. Casson's boyishly skipping and benign Chancellor, Dot Rayner and England revelling in their Arcadian pursuits, whilst Marsh and Peckham upheld the glorious traditions of the House of Peers? Visions arise too of Molly Compton's wistful Iolanthe and Cherry's majestic Fairy Queen.

The "Pirates of Penzance" in 1930 bore the first traces of the "Welsh Invasion." However, this solved the difficulty of obtaining a chorus. But from the point of view of principals these were lean years. For instance, the part of Mabel was taken by an Old Hartleyan, but there were others, from College, in this production, who made memorable contributions; Vic Smith as Frederick, Molly Moon as Ruth; Kenyon as the Pirate King, and Mr. Casson again following his Comic Muse as the Major General.

The next year's production, the "Gondoliers," saw the advent of Norah Moore, who for five years took the heavy contralto parts, a record of service to the Society which no Student has equalled, or is likely to. As the Duchess, she played opposite Mr. G. W. Mitchell, and while credit must be given to Mr. Mitchell's experienced and skilful acting, it is pleasant to notice that importations from the town have not been necessary since. This was a poor year for principals and even Casilda had to be taken by a non-Collegian. Brighter times

lay ahead, for the next year, with the "Yeoman of the Guard," the Society again managed to stand completely on its own feet, and moreover succeeded in giving one of the finest performances of its history. It seemed as though the "Yeomen" had started the Society on a new lease of life; it had emerged from the doldrums of outside assistance and was well set on a course from which it has never turned back. In 1933 the "Mikado" was played, and a number of new principals shone forth. Norah Moore, Eileen Hughes, Robertson, and Mawby, by brilliant team-work, did much to make this opera an outstanding success.

The following year Gibson arrived in time to supply a Bunthorne for the Patience of Eileen Hughes, while Lawrence was Gibson's idyllic rival. In 1935 "Iolanthe" was a farewell performance for Gibson, Rosa Turner, Eileen Hughes, and Norah Moore. Keleher, a rising star at this time, stole some of his seniors' thunder as Mountararat, while Newman and the Smith brothers gained some useful experience which enabled them to bear the brunt of the "Pirates" in the following year. Those who remembered Mr. Casson's Major General found a strong contrast in the appearance, at least, of Mackenzie in the same part! Comparisons—not odious—were also invited by the sharing of the Sergeant's part by Kite and Keleher.

There is little need to write about last year's "Pinafore," though one cannot forget Barker's Dick Deadeye, and Cowling's Ralph. This year again the Society have undoubtedly scored another great success with the "Sorcerer."

In this brief survey of the last ten years we have had an opportunity to refer only to a few of the principals, of whom we still have happy recollections. But what of the hundreds who have helped in the choruses, in the orchestra, and behind the scenes? The productions have owed their very existence to men like Shave, the pianist; Connolly, whose work with lights and scenery was invaluable; Hopper, whose painting of the Mikado scenery was a triumph of originality; Mr. Stone, his able successor, and a long line of producers such as England, Perkins, Bending, and Jeans, men whose work unfortunately must always seem to involve the winning of credit for the more spectacular performers.

THE GOLDEN BEARD.

THERE it was, two tables away from me, and I could not take my eyes from it. A beard; a brilliant, swaggering, impertinent beard. Surely, I thought, there was never another like this; and I reflected with some pride that I knew something about beards; I had seen the trim ornament of the French, the rare unconscious dignity of the English, the heavy seduction of the Italian. I had grown three myself, with varying success; yet now I realised for the first time that there was an ideal state when a beard was no more than a mere growth of hair, when it becomes a form of self-expression, when it could radiate a personality.

At this point I found that I had been staring at a complete stranger for nearly five minutes, and I was embarrassed to see that he was aware of the fact. For a moment we looked straight into each other's eyes, then he rose, and approaching my table, sat down opposite me.

"You were admiring my beard," he stated, in a rich, melancholy voice. That was not precisely the fact; I had been wondering at it. I merely nodded and apologised for having been so rudely obvious.

He accepted my excuses carelessly; his mind appeared to be far away. I discovered later that this apparent abstraction was a mannerism of his. He looked at me keenly;

"You think, then, that it is successful?"

His choice of words surprised me. It was as if he had been speaking of a prize rose, or a new system of poultry-breeding. I assured him that if the word "success" could be applied to beards, his certainly deserved it. He nodded slowly, and left me without another word.

Over a week passed before I saw him again. It had rained with dreary persistence all day, so that I sat in my window reading until the dusk blurred the pages and juggled the lines of my book. Then looking up, I saw that the rain had stopped, and the air was very sweet. Only on the sea shore, I knew, could I enjoy such an evening to the full. I strolled there, feeling peaceful and lazy, watching the moon on the water, and waiting for the stars. He was there too, leaning on the old stone wall, motionless, gazing out to sea. He turned his head as I approached, then, as I joined him, looked away again into the distance. Yet I felt that he wished me to stay.

Again I found myself admiring his poise; there was a curious fascination in his confidence and his air of melancholy dignity. He spoke, quietly, as if we had been in the middle of a conversation.

"We talked about my beard," he said; "I will tell you about it.',

What can be told about a beard, I wondered; it grows. That is the beginning and end of it. Unless there is some dark secret in its motive. Perhaps it was the outcome of a chivalrous oath, or he feared some unscrupulous enemy, and had adopted it as a disguise. Neither very likely, unfortunately.

"You see," he went on, "I am a romantic, a sentimentalist. I think that I feel more deeply than others; I have, if you understand me," he turned with sudden vigour and faced me, "so much potential emotional energy. And no outlet for it. It makes me capable of desires which it does not help me to fulfil. In my imagination I have always been a hero; ever since I was a boy I have dreamed of splendid situations which I dominated. I have seen myself leading men in revolt, weaving fascination with my tongue; most often——" He glanced sideways as if fearing to see a smile—"I dreamed of a woman who loved me. And my love for her was not meek and self-effacing, but bold and confident and colourful."

There was a long pause; I wondered if he was mad.

"And the beard ?" I suggested.

"Well, you see," he complained, in a childishly petulant tone: "it was so difficult. There just weren't any battles or duels or grandes passions. I could act the hero gloriously when I was alone, but then, as soon as I went out and met people, all the fire fizzled out, and I told myself that I was just weak and useless and lazy, and that everybody realised it."

"At home, of course, everybody knew me; they liked me too, but I was just pleasant and ordinary. I couldn't stand it; I wanted to make them see that I was really capable of things they were not capable even of imagining.

Gradually these ambitious dreams of mine became identified with the woman; with that idealisation of a love affair that I had imagined and that I longed for so much.

I can really talk, you know." He seemed to be appealing to me; "and I understand people. But there was something about my face;

not ugly or plain, you know, but—well, back home, whenever I was feeling particularly sentimental, or trying to express any display of sincere feeling, women would laugh and tell me how funny I was."

I smiled. "Yes," he said: "I was considered a good deal of a comedian."

He stopped suddenly, and I knew he was thinking of things he would never tell me.

It was night now. Very clear, and very still. I was beginning to feel very friendly towards the bearded man. I wanted him to go on talking. "So you grew the beard," I suggested. He revived.

"Yes, I came here. I don't know quite what prompted it, except that it was pleasant to do something unusual without a lot of curious, familiar people gossiping and smiling about it. But nobody notices here. I felt a different person.

He had rather an attractive grin. "Its really an astonishingly good beard," he said. He laughed, then he grew serious again. "I felt I was bluffing sometimes," he told me gravely. "I knew I couldn't literally have become a new man. I was always expecting to be revealed as a shallow dreamer hiding behind an accidentally noble appearance. But the people here saw nothing absurd in me. I found that my opinions were received with some respect, were considered intelligently provocative; so that after a while I got over my lack of confidence. I began to hope that I was at last being accepted for the man I knew I was."

He seemed to have finished. I waited a while, then: "What about the romantic tendencies, the ideal love affair? I asked. "Did you get over that, or have you found the outlet?"

"That's best of all," he exclaimed. "I met her here; she seems to accept me. She takes me seriously, but she thinks no less of me for occasionally amusing her, that is, deliberately, I mean. You see, she . . . but I can never hope to tell you all I feel about that. I hope there will be no difficulty for you to understand that."

He straightened up with a quick shout of laughter. I realised then that he had been dying to tell someone the whole story.

"Let's go home," he said: "I'm cold."

It must have been two years before I saw him again. I was staying in the same hotel, and passing the dining-room one morning I thought I recognised the deep voice of a man sitting near the door. The beauty of the woman who smiled at him across the table was almost startling. I went over.

He recognised me immediately, rose, shook me by the hand and then, turning to the table with an unconvincing air of carelessness, said:

"This is my wife."

Then he realised that he did not know my name. His wife stopped his explanation. "I know who you are," she said: "You are the sympathetic stranger who listened to all his worries on the night before he proposed to me.

I admitted it. "It seems," I added, "judging from your very obvious happiness, that he hadn't much to worry about. I have often thought about that evening; I hoped you would marry him."

"I did," she laughed, "on my own conditions."

He rubbed his smooth chin regretfully. "Yes," he said, "she likes me better without it."

EDUCATION CONFERENCE AT OXFORD.

THERE will be a Conference at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, from Saturday, April 16th, to Thursday, April 21st, the basic subject of which will be "Education and Character, with reference to the training of the emotions."

The programme will be as follows:

Saturday, 16th April: The address of welcome. 8 p.m. Mr. L. Jacks, Headmaster of Mill Hill School.

Sunday, 17th April: 5 p.m. *An Adventure with Children* (Miss G. West, Headmistress of Hill-Top Infants School.)
8 p.m. *The Education of Character.* (Mr. A. J. Spilsbury, Headmaster of Wakefield Grammar School.)

Monday, 18th April: 10.15 a.m. *The Psychological Bases of Character.* (Dr. W. Brown, M.D., D.Sc., F.R.C.P., Director of the Institute of Experimental Psychology in the University of Oxford.)
8 p.m. *The Place of Art in the Training of the Emotions.* (Miss Marion Richardson).

Tuesday, 19th April: 10.15 a.m. *The Social Adjustment of* 12—15-*year-olds.* (Mr. C. Irivine.)
8 p.m. *The Playway with Infants.* (Miss F. Webb).

Wednesday, 20th April: 10.15 a.m. *Types of Character.* (Dr. Oswald Schwarz.)

8 p.m. *The Will and Emotions.* (Mr. Yusuf Ali, C.B.E., M.A., LL.M.)

These lectures will follow in the tradition of the earlier Conferences, which have brought home to all members the immense importance for educational advance of carefully-planned and conducted experiments, and also the debt which the world owes to those who conceive and carry out poineering work in Education. Our notions of character have changed; we know now that emotion has a great deal to do with action, and that character-training, which is the subject of this year's Conference, needs a fresh conception. Details of this Conference may be had from the Secretary, Miss C. Lodge, Holmwood Cottage, Holmwood, Surrey.

REPORT OF THE SEWING CLUB.

THE Sewing Club has again completed another season in spite of overwhelming difficulties. We have this year been suffering from a deplorable lack of members, and the general Union apathy towards us is simply disgraceful. Our lack of numbers has meant that we have been unable to get much pin money from the A.U. and thus could not afford to have many At Homes, with the result that most of them have been away. We get absolutely no Staff support, and what with injuries to our first team players it is difficult to know whether we are doing plain or pearl half the time. Even if people have not the "guts" to come along and sew, they could at least roll up and give their vocal support. As it is, can it be wondered at that most of the women have not yet finished their undies with most of the season over. We are also handicapped by having no proper training facilities, so it is not surprising that our members show such lack of form, and become Outsize, thus giving the Club so much more unnecessary sewing to do. However, I will say no more of our difficulties or I shall give the impression of "moaning."

The great question of the moment is "Will we get a sewing Blazer?" and also we are asking how the new Colour Scheme will apply to us. From most of the old Sews (past members of the club now gone down) that I have spoken to, it seems in the past that the club has been awarded on the average only one half-colour, one quarter-colour, no scarves, and two club hats, the total sum of which at the present A.U. reckoning is about equal to three-quarters of a full Colour. If this be the case, on our present form the only colours we shall get will be those such as sustained by Miss Blouse in our last match, when she got a black eye through arguing with the referee.

Perhaps I should explain something of our technique in the Sewing Club. We usually Sew with three weapons:

Needles,
Bodkins,
Skewers.

These different types of weapon suiting the different temperaments in the club. For example the bodkin is used to best advantage by the heavier if slothful type; the skewer is wielded to best advantage

by the aggressive type, whilst the needle is retained for finesse. Our membership is as yet so small that we have to enter the same team for all three weapons; with better figures we could find specialists in the use of each weapon, which is our aim.

With regard to our matches, we have not been disgraced by our defeats, and on the whole the women have managed to keep their ends up. Our most noteworthy victory was when Miss Zip, one of the foreign students, using No. 9 needles, cast on 50 sts., and working in K.1., p.1. rib for 22 rows, changed to No. 6 needles at the bend, and came roaring up the straight in K.5., K.2. tog. rep. an easy winner.

We are now looking forward to the I.V.S. (Inter-Varsity Sew), and hope by our performance to keep intact the good name of the club.

MISS N. E. EDLE, *Captain of Sewing.*

THE NAVIGATION DEPARTMENT.

LAST summer a cricket match was arranged between the Department of Navigation and the rest of the College, but was not an outstanding success because several of the College team did not turn up. Their various excuses afterwards showed that South Hill was badly in need of some publicity amongst students. One of the team waited hours for the others on Swaythling station because he thought the match was at Portsmouth; two carried the gear down to the docks, while others were found later wandering vaguely in the direction of Bitterne Park.

As far as the majority of students are concerned, the Navigation Department does not exist. Yet it is one of the most interesting parts of the College. At South Hill, a large rambling Manor in Glen Eyre Road, are carried on activities which immediately affect one of the most important aspects of English life in general and the life of the port of Southampton in particular. It is at South Hill that many men are prepared for examinations in connection with the holding of high and responsible positions in the British Merchant Navy. The life of the students there is altogether different and distinct from that of the rest of the College, and many regret that the Navigation Department building does not form a part of the general conglomeration of architectural styles in University Road, but at South Hill this plan would not be welcomed. Indeed, "The farther away the better" is the terse opinion often expressed amongst the staff, but this wish for the life of the Department to be independent arises not from any dislike for the rest of the College as such, but from a desire that Navigation students shall find their own level more easily amongst men of their own age and temperament, and that the rigorously disciplined life which is necessary may be preserved intact.

The Head of the Navigation Department is Captain G. Whalley Wakeford, R.N.R., F.R.A.S., A.I.N.A., who for a long period was Instructional Officer in the southern hemisphere on the *Cornwall*. The primary function of the Department is to prepare men for examinations connected with the Merchant Navy, under rules laid down by the Board of Trade, but in the past a wide variety of students have been prepared for important examinations in all branches of navigational activity, including deep-sea yachtsmanship and air navigation. The average age of students on the records is about twenty-six, but the age limits reached so far are fifteen and

seventy-two. Students have come to South Hill from all parts of the world, from the Channel Islands, Canada, Greece, Egypt, and the West Indies. An officer from the Coldstream Guards studied there recently, and the pilot of a bomber on the side of the Spanish Government forces attended one of the courses in air navigation, the principles of which are the same as those for navigation by sea. An outstanding achievement last year was that of Miss Lita Edwards, the only woman student in the history of the Department. Miss Edwards gained a yacht master's certificate, and is now in command of a yacht, having the distinction to be the only woman deep-sea captain in the world. This year Mr. H. Stewart has brought to Southampton the special award of the Royal Society, and a formal presentation will be made to him shortly at the Civic Centre by Sir Philip Devitt.

Until this present session the work of the Navigation has been mainly the preparation of men who are already senior officers for the more advanced Board of Trade examinations, but this year a cadet course has been instituted, the principal object of which is to prepare students not for immediate examination, but for a course of training which they must later undergo at sea prior to entry for the Certificate of Competency as Second Mate. An adequate standard of progress sustained at the Navigation Department during their year of residence entitles students to be remitted six months of this training, which normally extends over a period of four years.

Rigid discipline for the cadets is one of the basic characteristics of the Department of Navigation, and the application in College of such rules as are in force there would very probably cause a revolution. The rising bell sounds every week-day at half-past six, and the cadets parade for physical training, which lasts for half an hour. After this a bath is taken, and breakfast follows at eight o'clock. Work begins at nine, and generally consists firstly of some practical subject, such as signals, or boat-work. An inspection is held at half-past nine, after which lectures on theory begin. There is a break at eleven, and lunch follows an hour later. Individual set work occupies the first part of the afternoon, and this is followed by practical and theoretical lectures until five o'clock. Wednesday and Saturday afternoons are free of lectures. After tea one and a half hours are given to recreation, such as football and fencing in the winter months, and lawn-tennis, cricket, and deck-tennis in the summer. Dinner follows, and then a free evening, until Pipe Down at "20.30," or half-past eight. Lights are out an hour later.

It should be noted that a "free evening" does not mean, of course, that the student is allowed to go out "on the town." Life is conducted at the Navigation Department as on a ship at sea, and shore leave is granted only on Sunday afternoons, from two o'clock until half-past six. Special leave is not frequent, and not encouraged. The use of bicycles is not in the regulations, as not being a usage of the sea, and shore leave is liable to be cancelled altogether if the student has committed a disciplinary fault. In such cases, moreover, not only is shore leave stopped, but tasks of hard labour are frequently imposed, such as digging, scrubbing, and sawing wood.

As at sea, the cadets must study how to economise in space with their personal belongings. Clothes and kit are stowed to a scientific plan, and lost property is retrieved from the maw of the Scran-bag only on payment of a fine.

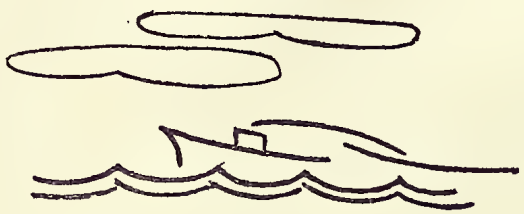
At College grousing is the privilege, and even the main characteristic, of students, but a visit to South Hill would perhaps produce heartfelt prayers of thanks for our luxurious comforts. Cadets and senior officers have much to be contented with, such as ideal study-bedrooms, peaceful quiet of surroundings, freedom from Secretaries of Societies, and from the wiles of women, but there are discomforts which do much to cancel these advantages. The common room is a particularly sore point. Situated in an annexe, this common room is about as large as the Economics study-room in the College library. It has been accurately calculated by the students of South Hill that their common room, when twenty men are present, affords a space of 4.45 square feet of accommodation for each man, and the first one in must be cunning enough to place himself as near the door as possible, unless he wishes to be the last to leave. If the lack of space in the common room is deplorable, however, the furnishings there are definitely scandalous. What seem at first sight in the constant gloom to be heaps of dingy brown rugs mixed with greyish wool and oakum, turn out on looking closer to be two veteran arm-chairs which, if they are not of Louis XIV style, must certainly date from that time. There is a rickety table, which supports with difficulty even such light articles as newspapers and books, and this, with a few wooden seats, complete the decoration of the room. But the students are comparatively fortunate and well-provided, for the staff have no such accommodation, and from lack of space have been forced to make their common-room in one of the most intimate parts of the building, where there are no chairs and which is found to be rather chilly.



CADETS AT SOUTH HILL.

This unfortunate constriction has arisen from the increase of students. This increase was necessary to the progress of the Department, but although this progress has been made the authorities do not seem to have realised fully that expanding numbers call for an increase in accommodation. South Hill is a large, rambling house, but lectures have to be held in students' bedrooms, and when such a state of affairs arrives it should be realised that the house is not large enough. The overcrowding has reached to such an extent that the domestic staff, maids, and others have to sleep in bunks, as on a ship, and lunch must be served in two sittings because the refec. is too small. Moreover, the work of the staff, the small number of which is altogether inadequate to cope comfortably with the fast-increasing number of students, does not stop when the cadets and others go down to tea at five. As at College there are many evening students who follow the same courses but are wholly independent of the life of the Department. For the instruction of these there is no increase in staff, and this undoubtedly gives rise to a great amount of overwork.

Despite these difficulties the Department of Navigation is making great progress in the professional side of its life. The "students" have been referred to several times in this article, but it is important that they should not be regarded as students in the ordinary sense; that is, their progress does not rest *solely* upon the acquiring of information printed in text-books. It goes without saying that much of an officer's or cadet's future success lies in his ability to think independently and decisively, and at South Hill he is trained to make the best practical use of the outlines of a wide range of subjects such as mathematics, French, ship-construction, and astronomy. Captain Wakeford counts as rivals of South Hill only Pangbourne, H.M.S. *Worcester* and H.M.S. *Conway*, and if Southampton is the "No. 1. Port" about which we hear so much, it is fitting that it should contain in its boundaries the most important School of Navigation in the country, and with South Hill as its basis this is the aim which University College, seeking the co-operation of the Board of Trade, might with profit set out to achieve.





SOUTH STONEHAM HOUSE.

AT the end of last term Stoneham found itself suddenly in the midst of a financial crisis and the House meeting which followed must have been the noisiest and longest for many years. As a result the number of newspapers and periodicals taken was drastically reduced, the contemplated and much needed repairs to our piano were suspended indefinitely, the Post Box collections were curtailed and the telephone was ordered to be cut off. Up to the present it has not been possible to carry this last decision into effect and the fate of the telephone is still even now in the balance. We have not been able to hold an Informal Entertainment this term, but we hope to arrange some such function, probably in the open air, in the early weeks of the Summer Term.

Our official relations with Connaught Hall have never been more friendly and the mutual understanding shown at the two joint Committee Meetings held, the one in Connaught and the other in Stoneham, augurs well for the future. That the sporting rivalry between the two Halls is no less keen, however, was amply illustrated in the recent Inter-Hall Soccer match in which we handsomely avenged the defeat of last year. In the sporting sphere also must be mentioned the sudden rise to almost universal popularity within our walls of that ancient game of shove-halfpenny. We challenge all comers. But do not be misled, Stoneham remains as ever an abode of peace and industry and even the once turbulent Block C has now subsided into a calm of quiet dignity.

RUSSELL HALL.

The Russell Hall Dance, at the beginning of this term was an innovation in that it contained no entertainment. As a straight dance, however, with a good band, it was very successful. The impression gained is that it was very much enjoyed. The suggestions contained in the article in the last *West Saxon* were modified by a general

meeting at the beginning of term, and we have not yet further tested College opinion about the lengthening of the lunch hour, because voting in the Hall itself was inconclusive.

The first Hall dart-tournament is now in progress, and after this has given us an indication as to our best players, we will be able to have tournaments with other Halls. As a means of getting Russell Hall people together we are having a smoker one evening this term in the Common Rooms.

There has been a welcome improvement, this term, in the social life of Russell Hall, and more Russell men seem to be taking part in College activity.

CONNAUGHT HALL.

If the ghosts of by-gone generations, who flourished in the halcyon days when Connaught WAS a New Hall, were to re-visit Connaught, they would be surprised and perhaps a little disappointed in the way in which Connaught is gradually drawing away from the ancient and noble tradition founded by our revered predecessors, and establishing another tradition, which in its decadency seems to be rivalling that of the building over the woad. Quietness and an academic calm, occasionally broken by the rebellions of certain firm adherents to the old regime, are usurping the position of our older tradition. "The old order changeth, yeildeth place to new." In short, Connaught has been d——d quiet this term. At the time of composition, our Entertainment has not taken place, but there seems to be no harm in following the fast-growing custom of declaring that it was by far the most successful and enjoyable of the session. One very pleasing revival worthy of note was the mutual invitation of the respective J.C.R. Committees of South Stoneham and ourselves to dinner and an informal discussion on matters of common interest to both Halls. We feel certain that this custom cannot fail to draw still closer the bonds of friendship which are already very strong between the two Halls.

HIGHFIELD HALL.

There seems to be very little of interest to report from Highfield this term. However, we may mention the Tea Dance organised during Federation Week by L. W. H. This event proved quite a successful innovation judging from the support it received. We have also held one or two fairly big tea-parties, and last, but not least among our social activities, will be our Informal Entertainment on March 12th.

Except for these social events a very quiet atmosphere has prevailed in Hall this term. Even the morning rising bells fail to penetrate to most quarters, and great is our need for the much discussed "extension of bells." Yet a more imminent need would appear to be that of burglar alarms since recently there have been several thefts from ground-floor rooms near the road.

So ends a rather uneventful term. We look forward to a more eventful time after Easter. Already our hard-courts are being repaired in preparation for the coming tennis season.

MONTEFOIRE HALL.

A hectic two weeks of preparation at the beginning of term, culminating in our Entertainment on January 22nd, made the succeeding time appear, by comparison, uneventful. We have the happy knowledge however, that our noble and lofty reputation was by no means lessened on that occasion.

The following Saturday we again invaded the precincts of the Assembly Hall to spend a very enjoyable evening as the guests of Russell Hall.

Individual members are still making Monte something to be reckoned with in different branches of College activity and although we are few and heterogeneous, the Spirit of Unity, mentioned in all previous reports, continues to pervade us.





WOMEN'S HOCKEY CLUB.

VIEWED on last term's results, Women's Hockey had the best record of any team in College, having lost only one match. Unfortunately we have not met with the same degree of success this term, but at the end of the season we should, I think, show a greater proportion of wins than losses. Although we have not managed to win a U.A.U. match, the games were far more close than last year, and we gave both of our opponents a very good fight.

The second eleven has functioned more efficiently than last year, although the Club numbers no more, and has provided capable reserves for the first team whenever necessary. Next season's prospects, subject to the verdict of London University examiners on the whole of the defence, are hopeful, for we should lose only two members of the first eleven and hope to receive new blood to strengthen the forward line in their places. May the Club show the same advance next year as it undoubtedly has this.

BOAT CLUB.

"Dogged by bad luck" might be used of the Boat Club this term even more truthfully than it was in the Summer issue of this magazine last session.

The retirement of Mr. Hiscock from coach of the second eight followed by illness of members of the crews and of our remaining coaches together with the repeated absence of other members on school practise and social service work outside Southampton has been most unfortunate. Crews have even had to be re-arranged immediately before races and it has been impossible to stick to one crew for any length of time, and the results to date are in consequence poor. We have lost to Bristol away and at home and to Reading away, in first eight races, and the second have lost to Reading away but beat Bristol here, though last term both crews were successful against Queen Mary College, London.

Nevertheless we are not downhearted and hope to retrieve some of our fast-retreating prestige in the U.A.U. and the London Head of the River. To those who contemplate rowing next term may I add that we have arranged a return Reading match and hope to have fixtures with local crews after Easter under the new A.R.A. rules.

H. J.

MEN'S SWIMMING CLUB.

Unfortunately, the activities of our Club have been extremely handicapped this term by the late opening of the baths. But we would wish to express our thanks and appreciation to a small number of new-comers for their keenness and enthusiasm. May it long continue.

We are very happy to welcome J. Cowling back into the Club, which now stands every possible chance of enjoying a season of good swimming and competitions.

Finally, it is far from out of place, to repeat the old sorry cry of this club— "We need more support."

H.S.M.

BOXING CLUB.

The Boxing Club in U.C.S. has had before it for the last two years the long and difficult task of climbing back to the eminent position that it once held, and of building up for itself a stabilized position in College Athletics. Much has been done and the Club has been steadily growing in strength and enthusiasm. However, there is one deficiency that must be made up before further progress can be made, and that deficiency is lack of men. This lack of support is felt very keenly by us, for with such small numbers in the club, men are unable to receive sufficient experience to enable them to engage successfully in public contests.

This lack of experience was made manifest in our match with Bristol this term. Our men were neither lacking in skill nor keenness, but the superior experience of the Bristol men was sufficient to give them the contest by 5 bouts to 1. This result was not for the College the defeat that the figures would seem to imply, and just that little extra experience would most certainly have changed the verdict into a drawn match, or even a win for the College. However, before the end of the term, we hope to entertain down here both Bristol and Exeter in a three-cornered contest.

Boxing is in a peculiar position because regular fights are impossible, and therefore greater keenness is necessary. On the other hand, it does not interfere so much with the athletic activities, and the fine training it affords cannot but improve the performance in other spheres.

CROSS COUNTRY CLUB.

The achievement of the Cross Country Club this season has been no more than average; injuries during the first term made it almost impossible to run a representative team. There was an appreciable improvement in the second term, however, even though Hodkinson and Russell were unable to run at all. Packing, which was conspicuous by its absence during the first term, improved considerably in the latter part of the season, and the junior members have pulled their weight very satisfactorily; they ought to profit by their experience next season. Although the result of the Quadrangular race was not as inspiring as was hoped, after considerable training, the Club ran well and made what was the closest race for years. We hope that by the time that this is published to have retained for the second season in succession the Hants' Inter-Collegiate Championship. The season has been noticeable for the very good spirit in the Club and especially the keenness of the newer members; it has been a pleasure to run with the Club.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL CLUB.

Report for Season 1937-8.

After a deplorable start, in which the first eleven drew one and lost three of the four opening matches, the team settled down to reveal some qualities of team spirit, combination, and accuracy in front of goal, which brought such excellent wins as 7-1 against Romsey Town, 6-3 against Queen Mary College and 4-3 against the London School of Economics.

Had it not been for various misfortunes—Wallace's departure for Australia, injuries to keymen like Jones and Eden, and Newland's absence for a complete term, there is little doubt that actual results would have shown considerable successes.

With the return of Newland, Eden, and Jones at the commencement of this term, the team was very much strengthened, and hopes were high of a U.A.U. success against Bristol when Cowling reappeared in his former position at centre-half shortly after term had started. The 1-0 defeat was indeed a moral victory for a side which revealed both stubborness in defence and aggressiveness in attack. Maintaining its present form, the team should do well in the remaining matches.

Record to date:

P	W	D	L	F	A
21	7	4	10	67	83

With the colossal total of 32 goals to his credit, Eden has proved himself a prolific goal-scorer, while Hanley with 9, Belton 7, and Jones 6 rank next.

WOMEN'S BOAT CLUB.

We consider that we have made some progress this term in that a fixture with Bristol is being arranged and a crew is being trained. For the training of this crew, as for the coaching of all our members, we are much indebted to Messrs. Campbell and Wheal who turn out cheerfully at all hours at the risk of being carried down-stream by the current, never to return.

Enthusiasm, which was high last term among the freshers, has been caught this term by the seniors, too, and our numbers have increased considerably. Apart from people who wished to row but have been unfit, we have had sixteen people out (and we only possess one boat). Considering the youth of our Club and the number of other and older-established Clubs always ready to snatch people up, this is quite creditable.

NETBALL CLUB.

Why do students cease to take part in Athletics when they come to College? Did they despise games so much at school that now they are no longer compulsory, they prefer to while away an afternoon in front of the fire or at the "flicks," or is work at College so completely satisfying? Whatever the cause the result is the same, namely, insufficient people both for practices and second team matches. The Netball Club suffers from this lack of enthusiasm with other clubs and partly because of this and partly because of the demands made by School Practice many 2nd VII matches have been cancelled.

Yet the members who are able to play are keen and enthusiastic and a cheerful, happy-go-lucky spirit pervades the whole club. The 1st VII have had a successful

season and by defeating Bristol University have reached the semi-finals of the W.I.V.A.B. Championship, no small achievement ! Their success has been fully deserved, the play has steadily improved, passing is more consistently accurate and the team combines well together.

The Club has been making enquiries concerning a new court which it hopes to obtain before the Autumn.

FENCING CLUB.

The events of this term have proved conclusively, if ever any doubt existed, that Fencing at U.C.S. has come to stay. The rapid strides made by the team since it took up Epeé and Sabre has increased our enthusiasm beyond measure, and our only regret is that we have not been able to squeeze in more practices.

Here, surely is a sport in which everyone of normal healthy faculties has a chance of success, and although present civilisation has long dispensed with swordsmanship in its sinister form, it survives with its traditions and chivalry intact as the most lasting and beneficial physical and mental recreation or pursuit.

We must first record the kind acceptance of the Presidency by Captain G. W. Wakeford. Secondly, this term regular classes for beginners have been held in the lunch hour on Mondays and Thursdays, and we are pleased to say these have been well patronized. Steady progress continues to be maintained and the ever increasing numbers put the club in an enviable position for future years.

We have been fortunate in securing ten fixtures against Service teams and others, and in spite of the high standard of play of the former and their facilities for practice and professional tuition, we have by no means disgraced ourselves.

We were disappointed fixtures could not be arranged with Exeter, Reading, and Kings this year, but we are looking forward to the match with Bristol.

Thanks to the generous support of the A.U. for the first time a team of three will be representing the College in Foil, Epeè and Sabre in the U.A.U. Fencing Championships in London at the end of term. Although they are not entertaining any false hopes of shining, they do at least hope that they will put U.C.S. ''on the map'' as regards fencing, and thereby gain prestige for the A.U. We wish them luck.



UNIONS AND SOCIETIES

STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT.

THE Lent term is, in many ways, the busiest in the session for S.C.M.; because in additional to the usual activities, study circles, prayers, meditations and general meetings there is Federation Week, when we try by many means to raise money for the work of the World Student Christian Federation.

So far this term we have had two general meetings. At the first the Rev. J. F. Langton Durham, secretary of the National Police Court Mission, spoke on "Youth in Trouble," outlining the work that is being done by Christian men and women for young criminals. At the second meeting, Malcolm Adiseshiah, S.C.M. Overseas Students' Secretary gave a talk on the subject of the Federation. He also spoke to a gathering of our Overseas Students.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

Lunch hour meetings have been held regularly and have proved very helpful to those who attended.

The main event of the term was, of course, the visit of Dr. Howard W. Guinness, Overseas Travelling Representative of the Inter-Varsity Fellowship, to which the Christian Union here is affiliated. Dr. Guinness spoke at two General Meetings, one on Friday, 27th January, in the Music Studio on "Can a Thinking Man be a Christian ?" and the second on the following Sunday evening at a private house, when his subject was: "Does Pschology explain away Conversion ?" Considerable interest was aroused by his visit.

Other events have been on "Squash" for Overseas Students, when Dr. Arnold Aldis of University College Hospital, London, spoke on "God's Message to the World," and a visit from Dr. Douglas Johnson, General Secretary of the I.V.F., who addressed a series of meetings mainly for C.U. members.

We are hoping that a number of members will be able to attend the Annual General Conference of the I.V.F. to be held at The Hayes, Swanwick, Derbyshire, from 4th to 11th April, when about 300 representatives from various Universities will be present.

WESSEX UNIVERSITY ART CLUB.

On February 7th members of the Art Club, on the invitation of Mr. R. Gleadowe, visited the Winchester Art Club's Exhibition, held at Winchester College. Members of the Staff conveyed the party there in private cars. The exhibition, though small, was extremely interesting and contained works by Degas, Cezanne and other recent French painters. The pictures were exhibited in the museum at Winchester College and we had the opportunity of inspecting, under Professor Forsey's guidance, their fine collection of Ancient Greek Pottery. When we left Winchester, Professor Pinto invited us all to tea at his house at Chandlersford.

We had expected a larger number of students to turn up, especially as transport was provided free of charge. Perhaps, when we have our main outing in the summer term, we shall be able to tempt more students from their studies.

We have held no meetings so far this term but we are looking forward to a lecture, which Professor Lawton has promised to give us shortly, on "Sur-realism."

CHESS CLUB.

So far this season the league results of the Chess Club compare more than favourably with those of any other College Club.

The outstanding success of the experienced and enthusiastic members of the "A" Team, which is the strongest for several years, is evident in its achievements in both the Southampton and Hampshire Leagues. Our expectations have been more than fulfilled. Of the fifteen matches played, eleven have been won, mostly by large margins, two drawn, and two lost. The championships of both Leagues are within our grasp.

During the season four members have had the honour of playing for the County.

In the second of the annual matches against University College, London, a victory was gained after a keen and enjoyable match.

The fine result of the team in the Lightning Tournament compensated, to a certain extent, for defeats in the Robertson Cup Competition. The "B" won the 2nd division while the "A" finished 2nd in the 1st division, although 1st on board average.

The rather disappointing results of the "B" team may be attributed to lack of experience, inconsistent play, and certain changes that have had to be made in the team. It has won four matches, drawn two and lost five. Nevertheless the players have gained valuable experience for next season.

The Championship Tournament for the John Lewis Cup is in progress.

In the near future it is hoped to arrange a few talks on openings by experienced players.

Although the Chess Ladder has not been as popular as in previous years, play in the common-rooms has been keen.

It is with fully justified optimism that we look forward to the remainder of the season.

SOCIALIST SOCIETY.

Events during the last two months in international affairs have made so rapid and internal a development that it is clear that 1938 is going to be a most important year in determining the future history of mankind. It will be a year in which the issues of peace and war, liberty and servitude will be decided. Either the aggressive fascist powers will continue almost unimpeded their conquest of Europe and the few last, a policy at which the Chamberlain plan contrives, or the great democracies, Great Britain, France, Soviet Union and U.S.A. combine their overwhelming forces make this disatrous policy impossible. This year the people of Britain will decide.

Working as a part of the great British Labour Movement we have been doing our best to make clear the issues that arise in the modern world and put the case for Socialism.

We have had this term a prominent member of the Southampton Labour Party showing that the invasion of Spain has great significance to us in England; which has been clearly shown by the recent Cabinet crisis. We had John Golland, Secretary of the Y.C.L. who gave an account of the working-mass youth movement in Britain and the Communist Programme for British Youth. Another eminent speaker, Mr. Douglas Gorman, the critic, who spoke on "Literature and Society," those have been the main meetings so far. We have yet Prof. Pinto, speaking on "Modern Revolutionary Poets in England," and a very attractive sound film, the "Road to Life."

We would appeal to all those who sympathise with our aims to strengthen our work by joining the Society and supporting its activity.

GRAMOPHONE CLUB.

"This week, next week, sometime, never." No, it's not the effect of thinking about College women, but wondering when the other type of gramophone will be all right. However, while it has been out of operation we have had a series of highly successful weekly concerts by living artists. Their ranks are now depleted by the departure of the pillar of the club, Bill Allen, who will be buried in Czechoslovakia for the next five years.

Cheering news is that a recent alteration in the cabinet will mean that the gramophone will be working in a few days. I have heard this before.

THE RAMBLING CLUB.

In spite of frequent adverse criticism from without, the Rambling Club has been well supported throughout the session. Neither the meagreness of packed lunches, the pressure of work or bad weather damped its ardour. Weekly rambles were arranged to the New Forest, the Test Valley or the Winchester Downs.

Beaulieu Heath and the Forest have always provided us with minor obstacles such as bags, floods, quicksands and rivers without bridges, and to these was now added the forbidding notice: "Foot and Mouth Disease," necessitating detours and the wading of Beaulieu River. (N.B. The Club has discovered how *not* to carry people across a river !) The most enjoyable and memorable ramble was one in deep snow in the North Forest.

Besides these walks, Youth Hostel Tours have been arranged in the vacation, in the Cotswolds at Easter and in Wales during July. Encouraged by their success, the Rambling Club hopes to continue this scheme of holidays each vacation.

TOC H (L.W.H.)

This session the work of L.W.H. has gone on rather quietly but we think and hope as successfully as in former years. We have been fortunate in having speakers to talk to us on subjects which have proved interesting both to members and to non-members—on such topics as "Education in Soviet Russia" and the "History of the British Press."

Many of the freshers have shown themselves interested in a society of a more serious nature and have undertaken to carry on our work in the town. Each week several people visit Moorhill to teach English to the Spanish refugee children. We are indebted to members of the staff who supply transport for this and also for the conveyance of some blind people to the dress rehearsal of the opera.

THE ARCHITECTURE SOCIETY.

The Society has held two meetings so far this term. On January 17th, Miss Trout gave an illustrated talk on the Antioch Chalice, and on February 3rd, Mr. Adams gave a lantern lecture on Winchester Cathedral.

There seem to be a considerable number of people in College, who, although interested in architecture, fight shy of the Society because they think some knowledge of the subject to be a condition of membership. Actually the Architecture Society's main function is to introduce people to the subject and stimulate them to a deeper study of it. For this purpose talks and lantern lectures are very useful, but, as Mr. Adams emphasised, the only satisfactory way of studying the subject is to go and see as many interesting examples as possible. The country around Southampton is very well off in this respect, and Mr. Adams made a very kind offer to take College students on a conducted tour of the Cathedral if they will visit him when in Winchester. However, in order that our researches shall extend over as wide a field as possible, excursions to other parts of the country are to be arranged for next term.

C. H. J.

CHORAL SOCIETY.

By the time this is published the Society's first great task will be over. The scores of people connected with the production of "The Sorcerer" will be returning to their ordinary daily occupation, the scenery will have been struck, the props returned, and there will be little left to do except pay the bills.

"The Sorcerer" having been laid aside, the Choral Society will continue with the practices of Stanford's "Revenge" which is to be performed at the Symphony Concert next June.

It is hoped that all members of the Society will continue to give their support and that others will join. Rehearsals are on Tuesdays at 5.45 p.m. in the Music Studio.

THE SCOUT TROOP.

To everybody in the World, I suppose, the word "Scouting" must convey some meaning. Whether, as a result of having seen young boys and even old men about the town or country in a rather distinctive uniform, or whether by having friends connected with Scouts, or perhaps by having at one time been a member of the World's greatest Brotherhood of Youth, we all must know something about Scouting.

I do not intend to give the aims or the reasons for Scouting, as it would be quite impossible in so short a space and without some practical experience. Rather I want to outline the activities of our own University Scout Troop.

In 1928, the now Rev. R. Brading formed a Rover Crew for those students who either had been connected with Scouting previously, or who were attracted to the Movement, with the hope of getting more University men interested in the Organisation. About 1934, some Rovers felt that the College should have its own Scout Troop; in 1936, the idea materialized. Many Rovers had previously given valuable help to various local troops, and it was felt that having a College Troop would not only be useful to the students themselves by giving them experience in handling boys, but it would also be a more concrete contribution to Scouting in this district.

The Troop held its first meeting on December 4th, 1936; and very soon there were thirty members. During the past year, numbers have remained fairly constant. As but a few of the boys had had any Scouting experience before, we had to start from scratch. The first few months were spent in teaching the boys the Tenderfoot work which forms the basis of Scouting. Most of the boys have, by now, completed the Second Class tests which, perhaps, simple to an adult mind, are very useful, as they include a rudimentary knowledge of the general rules of health, first-aid, tracking, and also a knowledge of semaphore and Kim's game, which are useful in the development of the senses of perception. Some of the boys have been doing a little of the First Class work, and we hope that the College Troop will, before long, produce a King's Scout.

We have run a quite successful football team, which, last year managed to qualify for the semi-finals of the Scouts Six-a-Side Tournament. The cricket team, however, was less successful, but in the Inter-Troop Athletic Contest we managed to gain third place, tying with a troop which has been running for many years past.

Several week-end camps were run by the Rovers, including one lasting three days at Whitsun, run jointly wiith another troop, by the Scout Master; the idea being to give the boys some insight into camping before taking them to the long Summer Camp.

The Summer Camp was held at St. Lawrence, near Ventnor, in the Isle of Wight for sixteen days. The camp gear was loaned the troop by the Third Ventnor Scouts, through the kindness of Mr. Gordon Smith, last year's Senior Rover Mate. The camp was run entirely on the Patrol System as laid down in "Scouting for Boys." Each patrol was entirely self-contained and independent, having its own sleeping tent, dining shelter, cooking place and cooking utensils, its own washing-place and latrine. Rations were issued to the patrols at each meal time by the Quartermaster from a central store. The camp had one unique aspect, in as much as it possessed an elaborate shower. The boys were encouraged to have a complete wash everyday. The health of the camp was beyond reproach, no serious accidents occurred, and the boys returned looking extremely fit and strong. Many excursions were run to places of interest.

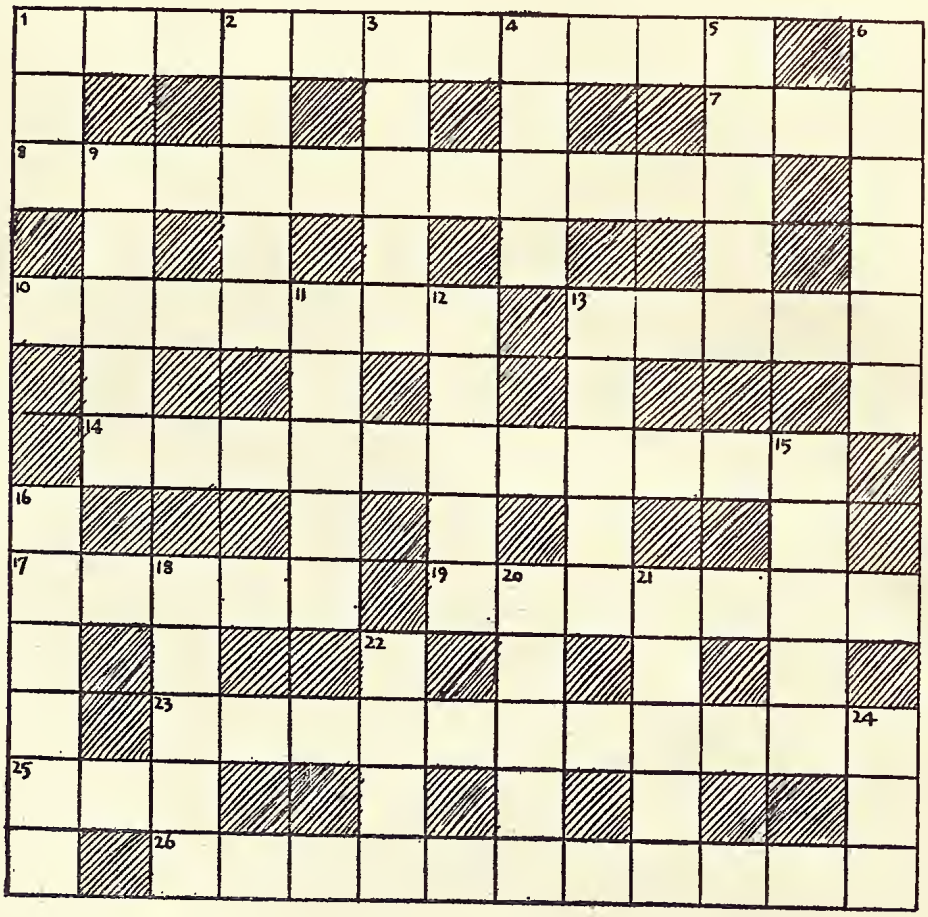
The Finance of the Troop has always proved a worry to the Officers, and consequently we have formed a Group Committee of parents and interested friends; its function being to raise funds for the Troop. When the present Rovers go down from College, it is hoped that the Group will be on a firm financial basis. Money is still urgently required, not only to enable camps to be run this year, but also for the purchase of tents and apparatus.

Finally, if there are any members of the Student Body or the Staff who are, in any way, interested either in Scouting or in helping the group financially, I shall be most pleased to supply any further information.

T. B. F. NORRIS.
Scouter-in-Charge.

PRIZE CROSSWORD COMPETITION.

Compiled by "ANAG".



Name .....

Address .....

.....

RULES.

1 *A prize of ten shillings will be awarded to the competitor whose* **correct** *solution is the first opened by the Editor in the presence of the* **West Saxon** *committee on Tuesday, May 10th,* **1938.** *Closing date: Monday, May 9th.*

2 *The solution is to be written on the printed diagram from the* **West Saxon**; *no pen and ink copies, etc., can be accepted.*

3 *No member of the* **West Saxon** *committee will compete. (Except perhaps in an underhand way.)*

4 *Competitors must be members of the Student's Union. The Easter Vac. is available for solving the puzzle, but in no way must competitors allow it to interfere with Finals, etc.*

5 *The Editor's decision shall be—— Ah! that cursed word again!*

ACROSS.

1 Henpecks suffer from this. (three words, 4, 2, 5.)
7 Poem. (3).
8 Came painted. (anag.) (11).
10 B.B.B. opposed in this resort. (7).
13 Add in—see why? (5).
14 Part of a naval dinner-service? (11).
17 Cheap fruit. (5).
19 Fields in paradise. (7).
23 Ate said limes. (anag.) (11).
25 This ton is fabulous. (3)
26 Prestidigitation. (11).

DOWN.

1 This dean is found in a girls' school. (3).
2 Boredom for you and I with a reversed direction. (5).
3 The French do infinitely. (5).
4 Half a toss-up. (4).
5 Presaged. (5).
6 Negro songs? Dey sho am. (6).
9 Inverted food in Asia. (5).
11 This of a boy is Irish. (5).
12 Stand and wait to do this. (5).
13 See you at 2.50. Why? Be a pal! (5).
15 To escape from a woman about this year. (5).
16 Fairy malice without the third letter. (6).
18 Phonetically found on some hats. (5).
20 Scottish landlord. (5).
21 'S hot? Not quite. (5).
22 Small time. (4).
24 Key for an animal. (3).

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